IMMUNE

THERE'S OHE CROP

TH' LONG DROUGHT

The Oregon States man

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe." From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Who Runs the Corporations?

THE suit of Cyrus S. Eaton and associates contesting the merger of the Youngstown Steel and Tube company it up, the child should not be with the Bethlehem Steel company, has served to turn the grasped by the chest under the light of day on transactions which even the stockholders of Bethlehem were ignorant about. The chief disclosure was that the leading executives of the Bethlehem receive enormous grants in the way of "bonuses." Thus Eugene G. Grace, the president, whose salary was \$12,000 per year, received a bonus in 1929 of \$1,623,753. His bonus the first half of 1930 was \$701,968. Three vice presidents received in 1929 each \$378,664. None of this niformation was ever disclosed to the stockholders, who would probably never have heard of the fabulous amounts paid their hired men if the Eaton suit had not been brought.

This provokes the question, who runs the corporations? Not the stockholders, who are scattered from Nome to Tampa. Annually they get a notice of annual meeting, always with a proxy form enclosed made out in favor of the existing officers. Through proxies the management usually glorious time with its kicking and controls the corporation, electing the board of directors squirming. This is as good as a which in turn chooses officers and fixes salaries. The directors are often yes-men or men too busy to pay any close and sprawl to its heart's content. attention to the corporation's affairs. Their names are on the board for window-dressing. Often they never show up for board meetings, and when they do they merely ratify the recommendations of the management. Only when a corporation goes to pot do the directors or stockholders take any positive action, and then it is generally too late.

There is no justification even to a financier's conscience for a salary bonus of a million a year. Running railroads is about the hardest job in the country, yet the compensation for a railroad president seldom runs over \$100,000 a year even for the big roads. Yet under the form of control which practice has developed for these great feudal baronies of capital the managers can reach into the treasuries without much stint. So long as regular divitreasuries without much stint. So long as regular divi-dends are paid to the stockholders in modest amounts, what begin action very early. The lance.

is left is a nice kitty for the managers.

Somewhat the same situation exists in the public utility field. A banking house gets hold of a group of utility field. properties. It forms a holding company, sells bonds and fly and take care of themselves. preferred stocks to the public and retains the controlling are powerful influences. Even common stock which represents no cash outlay, for itself, the small baby knows enough to admitted. "But the first-step is to The only money invested is that of the general public, who kick and squirm if given the find out who he really was, even of course must take all the risk if the company fails. The chance. It glories in its liberty, banking house profits through the constant emission and and will smile, and gurgle and at the beginning. It's the only sale of securities, and if the properties prosper then the velvet goes to the watered common stock. The utility industry has been the greatest field of exploitation because it is a young industry whose amazingly rapid expansion has permitted such financial piracy.

Some day the people may wake up and enact laws which will put an end to economic feudalism. The way such a course may be avoided is through an awakened conscience within corporation managers, and a growing realization that wealth is a social creation, and that the managers are stewards directing a trust for the benefit of consumers, of employes, and of stockholders and not exploiters of all three groups for their own aggrandizement.

A Front Page of Horrors

THE general instructions 'o The Statesman news force A are to "play down" news of crime and scandal; but as which appears here against the we looked the front page over Saturday morning we could Salem Y. M. C. A. nine is said to barely identify our own child. Here are heads of stories that "made" first page, most of which one must admit deserve that position from a news standpoint: "Payne blasts self to death in county jail."

"Rum runners' shots kill deputy sheriff as gun fight plant and a portable grandstand.

waged."

"Slayer eludes posses."

"Northcott says he took poison." "War hero, now convict, tells of liquor bribes."

"Auto thieves are quickly arrested." "New clues found in Conlon murder."

"Woman tells why she slew husband."

"Fiendish slaying remains mystery."

"Bandit proves to be business man."

As if such a chronicle of horrors was not enough for one twenty-four hour period, these were thrown in: "Second flier falls to death as 40,000 look on in

"Leguia in own prison."

"Thousands in flight as red army attacks."

"Officers hurt in political clash." "Seven hurt badly as auto plunges."

There were only seven other headed stories on the front page; and the preponderance of tragic news was altogether disproportionate. We hope to have no such a catalog of crime and morbidity again; but news has to be taken as it comes. This morning's tale of tragedy is an example the federal trade commission toof what may occur at any time.

One thing we resent is the frequent naming of some natural henomenon as "Devil's." So we have "Devil's Lake" and "Devil's bowl" and devil this and devil that. New devil is an ugly word, yet there is nothing ugly about this particular lake nor about the soil and rock eresion forming the singular punch bowl. There are occasional grotesqueries of nature which look as though left by cooling hellfires that might be aptly called "devil's" something or other; but why blight so many interesting and attractive spots with a cussword name?

From that distant and unknown realm where move the shade if men George W. Joseph, who loved a joke as few others did, must look down on poor old distraught Oregon and emit many a hearty laugh as he sees the political furore being raised, realizing as he must that it all came about because of his peeve over his disharment case outcome.

Just when the holders of South American bends were reported convalescent, Peru blows up and their chills return.

GUEST AT WOODBURN

Margaret Blew, daughter of Ren ment walls ready. and Mrs. E. W. Blew is visiting at the home of her parents for

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hypes and

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Hynes of Expressing the opinion that one week. Miss Blew is studying at the Emanuel Portland drove down to visit their the "heart" of the records had ways was when Don was away, chair beside him. Something of his it goes," Peter assented. "But I've nurses' training at the Emanuel hospital in Portland. She is in her first year's study.

Portland drove down to visit their of the records and hospital in Portland. She is in her first year's study.

NORTH HOWELL, Sept. 1—Coursed Gunderson has begun the serection of a new barn. He has their son Frank now lives.

The ititle Chinese box was open to the records and ways was when Don was away, chair beside nim, something of the beside nim, something of the power locked. In fact, reckless galety was coming back. The little Chinese box was open to this just for your ewa advant-the bits of gold chair that he less I know, and dropped the ring into its into less good I'll be. Still, if you gram and the same coat of arms their son Frank now lives.

The little Chinese box was open to this just for your ewa advant-the bits of gold chair that he less I know, and dropped the ring into its into less good I'll be. Still, if you gram and the same coat of arms their son Frank now lives.

The little Chinese box was open to this just for your ewa advant-the bits of gold chair that he less I know, and dropped the ring into its into less good I'll be. Still, if you don't care to trust me—"

He made a feint of turning the don't care to trust me—"

He made a feint of turning the don't care to trust me—"

He made a feint of turning the don't care to trust me—"

He made a feint of turning the don't care to trust me—"

He made a feint of turning the don't care to trust me—"

He made a feint of turning the list in should be a hunch that you're not going in to this just for your ewa advant-the bits of gold chair the bits of gold chai

HEALTH Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D. Father is always talking about you ever thought about your ba-



Every baby should be encouraged to take exercise. It is just necessary for it as it is for the grownups, and especially so if the baby is inclined to be fat. The new ba-

DR COPEL AND by moves about very little. It devotes itself to eating and sleeping. But before many weeks it begins to kick and toss its arms about. The clothing and coverings should be kept loose enough

to permit free muscular action. The young mother will never forget, of course, that a tiny baby is a delicate morsel of humanity. For this reason, in taking arms. This is a very crude meth-

The best way is first to lift the lower part of the body by the clothing. Then slip the hands under the back and the head. In this way the body and head are supported, and accidents are guarded against,

The simpler the baby's dress the better. Have the clothes loose, as I have said, so that there can be freedom of move-

When it is warm enough let the baby lie without clothing on a blanket spread on the grass or in the room. Then it will have a gymnasium for its physical training. Let the baby roll and kick After the child is several months old it can be propped up

with extra pillows supporting the back and sides. Little by little every muscle of the body will grow strong and it won't be long before baby is supporting its own body. Don't treat the little baby as

though it were made of wax and would break. Handle it with a combination of firmness and gentleness. Have you ever studied the ac-

kittens, birds or chickens? If Instinct and self-preservation

Yesterdays ... Of Old Oregon Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

September 2, 1905 A fierce forest fire which started from the barning of slashing on the Welch farm is raging near Mill City. Considerable damage is being done.

The Sloux Indian baseball club be the most expensive and best managed club of its kind in existence. The Indians carry a 2000 feet of canvas fence which is 12 feet high, a portable lighting The game here will be played at 8 o'clock and will be the first illuminated game ever played in

The first hop picking of the season began yesterday morning in the hop yard of Catlin and Linn in Polk county. About 100 pickers were put to work the first

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30 .-(AP). - Edgar A. McCulloch. member and former chairman of night said most of the commission's records destroyed by fire which swept its office this afternoon were in duplicate form and could be replaced.

Accounts of hearing of the commission's varied investigation he explained, probably could be duplicated by a new form which helds the contract for recording all testimony in the bureau's inquiries.

Early reports after the fire had been brought under control indicated a large part of the record of the commission's study of public utility power companies and chain stores was lost and that documents dealing with the cotton seed investigation were badly damaged. It developed tonight, however, that the loss carpenters on the job laying out part one member of the commis-

tion were found 95 per cent in-



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

tions of young animals-puppies, longer the broken woman of the floor and rolled almost to my courtroom, clinging for self pro- feet.

"Of course the picture may not lead us to Don's murderer," she if it leads us back where we were

There was a puzzled look in Peter's eyes but he thrust aside the question that obtruded on his rising spirits. He had tested the calibre of his ally, and was ready to trust his luck. He had guessed bination on his side, he might get aristocratic 'de la.'

long one-but we'll see how far we can go," he said cautiously. 'You threatened not to tell me anything more. There is a 'more,'

"There is." Aline closed the leather cover of the photograph

case and held it towards him, "Did "Yes," Peter said, "but I could

out anyway.'

fore, or at least the same design. it closely. I saw it on the day I saw the Chinese box!"

CHAPTER 26 "I wasn't going to tell you weren't going to back down," Aline said candidly.

Back down! Peter Piper back was hard to get! Why the harder it was, the less likelihood that it would leak to the other papers.

die animals that stand up on their him paws and look like nothing zo-elegical. I put it on my thumb and stepped ever to Don He had DIPLICATE RECORDS an appreciative chuckle. So Aline ed leap, when he saw that the ring after his death. "Well, believe me of her ally! "I held my hand out to him, a more satisfactory

It was a strange occasion for laughter, but Aline seemed to find the uncouth snort of mirth which came from Peter's throat reassuring. "You said the box was con-

nected with the murder," he said gravely, though a glimmer of amusement still lighted the gray eyes bent over the photograph. that. But there's something looked haunted, he did in that strange about it. I'll tell you exactly what happened, I can't believe that it hasn't some signifi-

the scene again in all its clarity. "It was one day when I went lown to the lodge unexpectedly," of his periods of melancholy when want to see anybody, not even me. I didn't expect him to be there, but—I couldn't keep away. I made the excuse to myssif that I -he could do things like that exwanted to horrow a book, I walk- quintely—but I know that it was ed along the grass by the side of little more than an absent-mind- that had been puzzling him. the path. It was spring then, and ed gesture. He wasn't really could be repaired for the most the grass was soft and green. I thinking about me.

of the gravel path.

"I'm sure I don't know how to that my entrance had startled , cate sliding panels one by one inge about it, but you've got to find him. He leaped up from his chair to place.
out. That's what you're here for." behind the desk when he saw me. "Of co There was invincible determine- and something that he was holdtion in Aline's voice. She was no ing in his hand dropped to the

> "I stooped to pick it up. Don it was too late to do anything. "The thing that I held in my

hand was a ring-a large, oldfashioned ring of hand-wrought gold. It must have been quite valuable for there were two rathbilities, although we may have to er large emeralds sunk deep in the gold work on each side. The top widened out in a circle, like a signet, and the design was twisted into a monogram, with the initials 'de la M.

"Why Don!' I said. "This is a really lovely thing. Wherever that Aline had intelligence and did you get it? I should think now he found that she had per- you'd wear it. It has an 'M' on sistence as well. With that com- it, even if you can't claim that

"I got it-a long time ago' he said. It was only in the light of what happened afterwards that I realized how queer and strained his voice was, 'No. I never wear

"At the moment I thought that he was still in his black mood, and I hoped that by talking about the ring I could bring him out of himself. Sometimes it would take only some little thing like that not make it out. It's too full of to break the spell of brooding. I curlicues, and it's almost rubbed stood there, turning it over in my "I know," Aline admitted. "But my finger. The workmanship was know what it is. I've seen it be- really interesting and I looked at | ring may yet cost me my life some

"It was then that I discovered top, there was another device on the underneath, concave side of the same circle, where it was hidring was worn. It was rubbed faint, but it was evidently a coat of arms, with those funny heral-

turning it so that the emeralds caught the light, "Isn't it stunning with this green dress?' I said. 'If you really don't use it yourself I'd love to wear it sometimes. It makes me feel like one of the Borgias." "It was then I saw that something was really wrong. He stared at me with a sort of dim hor-"I can't be as positive as all ror in his eyes. If ever a man

moment. "'Don't' he whispered 'dont'say that.' Then he passed his cance." Aline paused, visualizing hand across his forehead, slowly, as if he were trying to push away some shadow that kept him from seeing clearly.

"The next thing I knew, he had bring him to himself. He kissed

WOODBURN. Sept. 1 — Miss the foundation and getting the ce. sion's staff reporting that rec- sion about Don. I loved the feel just stared like an idiot. He smil- her tone rather than her words. ords of the chain store investiga- of it—the stient springiness in ed a little at that. Then he rebeen sitting when I came in, and fig.

Wes, that's all right as far as "Yes, that's all right as far as contrast to the harsh crunching turned to the deak where he had

"Of course the box might as vell have been made of pasteboard as far as being a safe was concerned. Why, you could almost 1st they made 13 miles on a diet crush it in your hand, though to open it properly took a good deal had started around the corner of of skill, unless you already know chokecherries. It began to snow, of the present location of North less shrug of his shoulders, as if doesn't seem a very safe place to keep anything so valuable.'

"'Oh, it isn't the value that matters,' he said. 'It isn't just valuable-it's dangerous.'

"Do you mean it really has polson in it?' My remark about the Borgias was still in my mind, and it truly was a somewhat antique and romantic-looking ob-

"He laughed at that-a short, harsh little laugh.

"Nothing so pretty,' he said. 'I only mean that it's not the safety of the ring I'm worrying about but my own safety if it were known that I have it. And now somebody does know. You know. That's my dare to the gods." "I was piqued at that.

"Well, I certainly shan't speak of it again, to you or anybody else,' I said angrily. 'But I should think you could easily enough get rid of it.

"No, I shan't get rid of it.' he said. He had taken up the Chinese box and moved over to the book case with it. 'My life is worth-precisely that.' He dropped the box almost casually behind a row of books as he spoke. hands and slipping it on and off 'It's queer how we cling to lifeand yet cling to danger too. That day. But you see I do trust you. I've let you see where I keep it. that besides the signet design on If anything should happen to me -accidentally-I'd like to have you come and get it, though in that event I'd rather you'd just about it, until I was sure you den against the finger when the keep it for your own and say nothing to anyone. That would be the ending-the unsatisfactory ending you could tell your grandchildren.' He smiled at that.

"Oh, but I don't want it-not like that,' I said. It hurt me that and then hide himself, again. I he should talk in that hard, flip-His hoot of derision changed to n't moved after that first startl- pant way about giving me the "Well, believe me, it would be

a more satisfactory ending than any other,' he said, still with that grim, ironic smile. 'I may not have the pleasant fortune to die accidentally-and in that case I greatly fear that some one else not half so charming as yourself will already have possession of the ring."

"And now-he's dead-and the ring is gone!" Aline ended with a gasp. "Whee-whing!" Peter exclaim-

ed. "It does look as if we've got hold of something. You think it witness had tried to fix a crureally belonged to him-that he hadn't stelen it, for instance?" "No, he didn't steal it," Aline said quietly. "People's moral paper read at the public library, codes are funny things. Den Mert- Peter had gone over all the files ison could not resist taking love, seized my hand and tore the ring though it threw the wreckage of off my thumb so violently that it others' lives all about him, but he called him off the job in despair, scraped the skin. That seemed to wouldn't have stolen a piece of he had gone back to the library in jewelry. It simply couldn't be done!"

The bitterness of her tone recalled to Peter's mind the thing "Yet you want to go to no end of trouble to bring his murderer remember that even in my obses- "I was so astonished that I to justice," he said, answering "I've told you that I want to find my letters," Aline said stif-

BITS for BREAKFAST

The Dorion woman:

they feasted sumptuously.

story cannot be determined.

4 4 4

the Dorlon woman. No detailed

description of her appearance,

certainly no painting or drawing,

what she looked like, must be

ing comments upon her wonderful

throughout this painful journey

kept pace with the best of the

pedestrians. Indeed, on various

* * *

* * *

fear I'd seem to be making ex-

cuses. It's just-true, that's all.

You see, I really did try to kill

Don. It is only an accident that I

didn't. I didn't deserve that ac-

ry. Oh, I know it's too late for

making amends! But there was

something that haunted Don in

his life, and may have brought

him to his death-something sad

and made him cut himself off

from his earlier life, a life that

he must have treasured and cher-

make my acquittal a farce!"

agree with you that the ring is

There must be ways of find-

"The things they find out get

ed gloomity. "The things they

which patience burned with a

cial date by referring to a cor-

tain advertisement which he re-

membered seeing in some news-

for a period of three years, until he found it. When Jimmy had

the evenings and continued the

ring-those two things are all

we've got to help us discover the

identity of a man who took a

great deal of pains to keep any-

one from doing that very thing."

he groaned. "Why, for the mat-

ter, the two may have no connec-

Aline's hand tightened on his

"But they do!" she said urg-

"An old photograph and a lost

search on his own time.

tion with each other."

miss, just aren't published."

n't got the ring!"

things."

quittal-not really. And I'm sor-

incident were closed.

timidly on his arm.

was about 26 then.

4 4 4

men of the party also had their rights. They put it to a vote. The The part of the Hunt party led story goes: "To the everlasting by Wilson Price Hunt himself was credit of the starving crew, and at the site of the city of Boise. to Hunt's surprise and probable Excerpts from the Defenbach ac-gratification, they voted to a man count continue: "They had for not to rob the woman and her neighbors a group of thievish children of their horse. Real fel-Snakes, of whom they bought lows, these: of such stuff were some fish and dogs upon which the ploneers of the great west made!"

The party left the Snake. Three "For the reason that this arrival of the Hunt expedition at men weakened and went back to the present site of the capital the wild Indians. But the Dorion city of the state, on Nov. 21, woman was not through with the 1811, marks the discovery of this Snake. Once again in her life locality by white men, the time, was it to be to her the scene of anguish, privation, hardship and place and event should be commemorated by a substantial montragedy. The route for the starving band was up Burnt river. ument. Not only because Boise is the capital and metropolis of the They had secured from Indians state, but because much of the five jaded and half starved horses tragic later experiences of promto carry part of the baggage. The inent members of the party was general route that followed led in this neighborhood, the memor- not far from that of the present railroad from Huntington to the tal should be in that city. The exwestern foot of Blue mountains. act and precise locations of the As starvation faced them, horses were killed; the ration was one "The feature to emphasize in meal in 24 hours. Says the Defenthe proposed monument is clearly back account:

"The description of the country reached on the 28th, with its is obtainable. Her physical traits, 'small stream winding to the north through a fine narrow valreasoned, inferred, deduced from ley with mountains receding on what we know of her career. Irv- either side' suggests the Powder valley, and an encampment was patience and hardihood. She led made somewhat north of (the her boy of five years and carried site of) the city of Baker. the one of two in addition to They continued along this valley 'the usual burden imposed upon | for 21 miles on the 29th, through a squaw. Yet she bore all her a steady fall of snow mingled with hardships without a murmur, and | rain.

"On setting out the morning of December 30th, the half-breed occasions during the course of approached Hunt with the statethis enterprise, she displayed a ment that the family would be force of character that won the delayed for a short time, and the respect and applause of the white suggestion that the party continue men." She was a tall, powerful on its way. 'We catch up with you animal; muscular and strong. She | pretty soon,' he added.

"The event was, of course, not The Dorion woman got a horse at all unexpected, yet the men of 10 miles west of Boise, the camp- the wretched band contemplated ing place on the 22nd. The camp her abandonment in great perof the 23rd was a little west of plexity. Every one of the plucky the present Caldwell, and the chaps admired this heroic squaw. next night at the mouth of the Her patience and dogged resolu-Boise. Their entire food supply on | tion had gained her their respect leaving the site of Weiser was and affection. They would rather one beaver, but they secured a go into camp, they said, and wait horse and butchered it that night until she should be able to conjust east of the site of Hunting- tinue the journey. But Pierre ton. From there they followed the seemed entirely unconcerned, as-Snake down toward Homestead. suring the leader that the family Through rocky chasms and under would soon overtake the others. beetling precipices. On December ency the unhappy crew went on, composed of a small beaver with leaving the woman and her famsome frozen blackberries and

"On what occurred there, Irving makes this comment: ture is easy in her operations in The Defenbach story relates: 'At one time Hunt found himthe wilderness, when free from self alone with three men, but the enfeebling refinements of luxury and the tamperings and aponly for a short period; the four overtook Dorion and his family. pliances of art.' After a time the Calling the half-breed to him the hungry horse was led beside the couch. On it was mounted the leader pronounced the doom of the woman's horse, the only one hungry squaw, her 2-year-old remaining." Dorlon fiercely obslung in a blanket at her side; the father and older son, a hungry jected. But Hunt said the other pair, led the caravan. As for the new baby, it rode in the mother's arms. Was it hungry too? Poor But Aline reached out a relittle savage human mite? When straining hand and laid it almost you think of that baby, you instinctively wonder-why? Just "It isn't that," she said in a where, in the great plan of the choking voice. "It won't help any, universe, was there any crying deand I didn't want to say it, for

mand for that baby?

* * * The hungry family plodded on; night comes: weariness overcomes hunger: they sleep until break of dawn. On the family plods, in the path of the company ahead. through the snow. Hunt has taken the load of the Canadian LaBonte when he had given out and been mounted on a jaded horse. The or terrible, that accounted for his way grows rougher and more difficult. Suddenly the narrow wanderings and his black moods valley opens out; they are in the Grande Ronde; down yonder is the little wooded Catherine ished, or wouldn't have saved creek; six tents of Indians: Hunt through everything those few mo- and the rest of the company. And mentos of it. If I could help to food. The whites had just bought clear it all up at last, to take a lot of dog meat, horseflesh and away that shadow even after he roots. The woman and her new is dead, it seems the least I can baby (its sex was never recorddo-the only thing that won't ed) and Pierre and the two boys, and the rest, ate their fill. Then "Don't count too much on what on down the creek to about where we can do," Peter warned her. Island City is now; just east of "A man who has purposely hidden | La Grande. Camp. A good night's his past makes it all too easy for rest, with full stomachs. Read someone to emerge from that past | what Defenbach makes of ft:

* * * "Next morning when Hunt the key to both the murdered man sounded reveille, the Frenchman and the murderer. Only we have laughed at him. 'No travel today, M'sieu Hunt, Why not, eh? January 1, 1812. It's a poor Frenching it," Aline insisted. "Newspa- man who overlooks a holiday, esper men are always finding out pecially New Year's day.' Hunt, grave and serious, is kindly. 'Two days if you like." 'Well we do like." put in the paper," Peter explain- Two days of repose and revelry." With the miseries of the damned behind and the Bive mountains Jimmy Sears knew well that ahead, they sang and danced and that abysmal gloom of Peter's, had one New Year's dinner afterand knew that it preceded a another on roots, horseflesh and burst of prodigious activity, in dog meat.

(This will be continued tomorsteady flame. Once, when a key row.)

J. A. Miller is Elected to Third Term in Cal.

AURORA, Sept. 1.—James A. Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Miller of this place, telegraphed his father from San Francisco, he had been reelected as assemblyman of the thirty second district. This is James' third term in the legislature. He had a hard fight, as there were three opponents in the field and one who bore the same name as himself, with the exception of the middle letter, which is confusing. James has served in the legislature in one capacity

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